

TOWN & COUNTRY

DECEMBER 2014/JANUARY 2015

Liv Tyler

A Wild Child
Settles Down—and
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all the way across to the Gros Ventre range and the Sleeping Indian, its stunning anthropomorphic ridge. The Snake River sparkled as it wound through the National Elk Refuge. (The valley, which abuts Grand Teton National Park and Yellowstone beyond it, is the wintertime home of the largest elk herd on earth.) But sometimes a thick mist would suddenly roll in and there would be only frothy whiteness below me, as if a giant were filling up his cup with steamed milk while I stood transfixed on the lip—and on top of the world.

I was hooked, and I've come back year after year. And not just for the skiing. There were the lunches of bison chile at the Four Seasons resort at the foot of the lifts. There was the nouveau-western Amangani, where I stayed three years running; its distance from the ski slopes and the town of Jackson (about a 20-minute drive to both) was more than made up for by its splendid setting on a butte with views of the Teton Pass. And there was my après-ski ritual: a soak in Amangani's heated outdoor pool as darkness (and snow) fell, drink in hand and fur hat on head, followed by dinner in town at the Snake River Grill (excellent American food and an atmosphere that seems

fine-tuned by Ralph Lauren himself), followed in turn by a spell in the Million Dollar Cowboy Bar, a Jackson institution since the 1930s. I thought it would be a tourist trap the first time I saw its bucking bronco sign and western saddle bar stools. But that was before I heard the music (infectious, live country-western), before I saw the dancing (athletic country swing and two-step), and before I had a conversation with a man at the bar that started like this: "Do you work at the mountain resort?" (He looked fit, lean, and outdoorsy.) "No, ma'am. I herd 10,000 head of cattle."

There is, as always, news out of Jackson Hole. This winter, the Four Seasons has a new backcountry ski trip, five days with some of Wyoming's best guides—if super-steep trails are not challenge enough, you can go for ungroomed as well. (I'm going to pass on that.) And true obsessives can now avail themselves of a Four Seasons private jet that will take them to all three of the Four Seasons mountain resorts (the others being in Vail and Whistler) to chase the best snow. And if you want a hotel in town but the kitschy charm of the Wort, Jackson's first luxury hotel, is not to your taste (I loved it, I confess), the stylish



APRÈS-APRÈS-SKI
Old West meets New West at the Hotel Jackson, opening in December.

Hotel Jackson opens in December in a prime location right around the corner from the elk horn-bedecked Town Square. As you stagger to bed from the Million Dollar Cowboy Bar along wooden plank sidewalks, having that day conquered not only the Tetons but also the two-step, a high, cold, deeply peaceful silence all around you, you will feel pity for those extraterrestrials. All they get of Jackson Hole is a picture. •

Do Not Disturb

In a hyperconnected world, the hottest spots are eco-consciously embracing seclusion.



Margaret, is the latest destination to jump on the trend.

Leading the all-local charge is Stuart Ward, Mustique's director of operations. He arrived in 2012 after stints at Six Senses and Soneva Resorts, two companies that have won accolades for their green practices. "Resorts have to rethink their carbon footprint," says Ward, who has invested in a food composter and biodegradable bags to reduce the waste the three-mile-long island produces. He hopes to add solar-powered vehicles and hybrid energy sources in the next few years. The biggest challenge, however, involves the expectations of guests—as in "changing people's habits," Ward says. Hopefully, though, Mustique regulars (such as Kate and Will, Mick Jagger, and Carla Bruni) will notice only improvements to what they already love: lush landscape, fresher fish, and healthier coral reefs. They won't miss the caviar one bit. s.w.

PROMISING GUESTS ANYTHING they wanted used to be required at even the remotest luxury island resort. Rare champagne? Russian caviar? Coming right up. Increasingly, though—from the Maldives to Hawaii to Cambodia—the point of pride is disconnecting from the world sustainably while still improving on the comforts of home. Mustique, the Grenadines island purchased in 1959 by Lord Glenconner as a getaway for his royal friends, including Princess



LONE STAR

From top: The Plantation House villa (\$52,000 per week, 855-261-1316); Lagoon Bay; the Cotton House Hotel (from \$750 per night, cottonhouse.net).

